THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 78.

Do'st thou well to be angry?

THIS interrogation to the prophet may be applied with no little pertinence to almost every individual at certain moments of his life. Do'st thou well to be angry? Have you so little firmness as to permit the petty vexations of life to throw your mind from its balance; so little fortitude as not to be able to bear what it is impossible to avoid, and submit in silence when complaint rather aggravates than lessens the subject of your affliction?

Do'st thou well to be angry, when anger is one of the most painful passions of the soul? Is it judicious to yield to the domination of a power which rules with arbitrary sway and keeps the mind in a tumult like the sea in a storm; which never answers the end that it aims at and passing away leaves its subject in the same difficulty and under the same misfortunes as when it first began?

Do'st thou well to be angry, when anger commonly places you in the most foolish situation imaginable? It affords merriment to the unconcerned spectator and makes those despise who would otherwise only pity you.

I should like, said my Lord Chesterfield, to meet one of your choleric men on an embassy or other public situation, because while I kept myself perfectly calm I would fret him into a passion and during the intoxication of anger he would betray to me his secret instructions or the direct objects of his mission.

But although philosophy may lead us to very pleasant speculations on the weakness and the folly of anger, yet it is nevertheless a passion implanted for wise purposes in our nature and all our resolutions to prevent it will be overthrown by the first instance of unprovoked assault or attempt at personal insult.—That will then be the best effort, which strives rather to direct than destroy, and is contented with diminishing what it is impossible to annihilate.

There is a display of spirit necessary for the support of character. He who once stoops, will soon be called upon to kneel, and the encroachments of his neighbors will presently take from him the proposed advantages of this humble situation. The tameness which has once submitted to aggression invites future insult, and the quiet subject is soon considered as a fair object on which every bully may exercise his courage and ferocity.

The anger therefore which is first displayed in a spirit to defend against aggression, and appears in moderate resentment against an injury, is such a discovery of the passion as may answer affirmatively to

the question, Dost thou well to be angry?

The emotion is a guard against insult and a protection from indignity, and properly displayed gives no room for censure or ridicule. It ought however to be the inspiration of the moment, not the *odium in longa jacens* of Tiberius, which is nourished in the breast to a deep and spiteful malignity. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," is an admonition of an inspired writer, and should be taken as a motto by every choleric man. There is more danger however by its sudden appearance than by its continuing for any unreasonable time. Any man may be surprised into error, but the vicious only will remain there, when the error is discovered.

A particular liability to the influence of anger makes a man an unpleasant companion, and a very dangerous friend. It is necessary at all times to be upon guard lest familiarity should be taken for provocation, and humour for insult; and as the passion approaches to delirium in proportion to its violence, there is no determining what wounds it will inflict, or what injury it will occasion. The secrets of friendship, the interests that were communicated in a moment of confidence, are disclosed in the impetuous torrent which rolls from the tongue of the provoked and angry friend; those ties, dear as nature, which were drawn round the heart in the season of intimacy, are forgotten, and the most outrageous maniac is not more wild and unreasonable than that vindictive disposition which unwittingly tramples on every right of friendship in the gratification of its prevalent passion.

Notwithstanding the universality of this passion, and its almost instinctive display on occasions that require its exercise, yet like others to which our nature is subject, it is regulated by care, and disciplined by art. In the business of life it is often convenient to conceal the feelings and repress the irritation which they suffer, and he who has frequent occasion to mix with the multitude for the purpose of observation, must first acquire an ascendancy over his own temper, and prevent the ebullitions of anger and the paroxysms of rage.

As no passion is so distinctly marked on the features, and none with so much difficulty concealed when it is felt, it becomes necessary not merely to dissemble, but in reality to diminish its power, and thus in a singular degree the purposes of busy life conspire with the precepts of morality to check the passions and counterpoise their power.

This combat however, between policy and passion, *unless* it be submitted to the arbitration of *morality*, produces a character the most odious in the circle of depravity. Feeling the full force of a violent and vindictive passion, but afraid to throw it off in the rash and hasty display of itself which marks the impetuous conduct of a generous anger, he allows it to stagnate in his own breast till it acquires a more malignant and corrosive, tho in appearance a less dangerous nature; and as it must have vent finally comes forth in treachery robbery and assassination.

Mrs. Radcliffe, whose knowledge of human character justly entitled her to be called "the Shakespeare of Romance," has very ably illustrated a being of this kind under the name of *Father Schedoni* a man in whose breast all the hateful passions concentrated, and who fearful of destroying an acquire

reputation, nurtured them in secret, and made the darkness and solitude acquainted with his terrible crimes.

If such be the tendency of the passion of anger; if displayed in its own form it subjects one to ridicule and contempt, or alienates the affections of friendship and puts its subject to a distance in society; or if concealed and harbored in the breast it eventually produces the worst of crimes, its first approaches should be watched with caution, and the question be seriously put to himself by the angry man in a moment of reason and reflection, *Do'st thou well to be angry?*

L.

SELECTED FOR THE EMERALD.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MR. MONTGOMERY.

The poetry of James Montgomery has been recently introduced to the public, and has created a desire to become acquainted with the writer. From the following sketch it will be found that like most other admirers of the Muse he has been familiar with poverty and surrounded by misfortunes. Without experience of the world and with no other knowledge of its manners than through the medium of books, his introduction was embarrassing and his progress unfavourable, but his genius has shone through the clouds of misfortune and preserved his reputation although it was unable to confer upon him wealth. *Ed'rs.*]

JAMES MONTGOMERY, the author of the Wanderer of Switzerland, &c. the subject of this short biographical sketch, was born in Scotland, at Irvine, in Ayrshire, November 4, 1771: his father was a Moravian minister. In the fifth year of his age his parents removed with him to Grace-hill, in the county of Antrim, Ireland. In the following year he was separated from them for ever, and placed in the seminary of the United Moravian Brethren, at Fulneck, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. His parents were, afterwards, sent as missionaries to the West Indies, to preach to the poor negro slave, the consoling doctrine of another and a better world; "where the wretched hear not the voice of the oppressor," and where "the servant is free from his master:" in this service both died. In the Fulneck academy, amongst a people remarkable for their ardour in religion, and their industry in the pursuit of useful learning, James Montgomery received his education. He was intended for the ministry, and his preceptors were every way competent to the task of preparing him for the important office, for which he was designed. His studies were various: the French, German, Latin, and Greek languages; history, geography, and music; but a desire to distinguish himself as a poet, amongst his schoolfellows, soon interferred with his more beneficial pursuits. When only ten years old, he began the unprofitable employment of writing verses, which was continued with unabating ardour, till the period when he quitted Fulneck, in 1787: they were chiefly on religious subjects. This early devotion to poetry he has ever regarded as the source of many troubles. It was this unpropitious attachment which, at school, stood in the way of his improvement; this, which finally altered his destination in life, and seduced him to exchange an almost monastic seclusion from society, for the hurry and bustle of a world,

which, hitherto, has but ill repaid him for the sacrifice.

When removed from Fulneck, the views of his friends were so far changed, that we find him placed by them in a retail shop at Mirfield, near Wakefield. Here, though he was treated with great kindness, and had only too little business, and too much leisure to attend to his favourite employment, he became exceedingly disconsolate, and after remaining in his new situation about one year and a half, he privately absconded, and with less than five shillings in his pocket, and the wide world before him, he began his career in pursuit of fame and fortune. His ignorance of mankind, the result of his retired and religious education; the consequent simplicity of his manners, and his forlorn appearance, exposed him to the contempt of some, and to the compassion of others, to whom he applied. The brillant bubble of patronage, wealth and celebrity, which floated before his imagination, soon burst, and on the fifth day of his travels he found a situation, similar to the one he had left, at the village of Wath near Rotherham. A residence in London was the object of his ambition; but wanting the means to carry him thither, he resolved to remain in the country till he could procure them: accordingly he wrote to his friends amongst the Moravian brethren, whom he had forsaken, requesting them to recommend him to his new master, conscious they had nothing to alledge against him, excepting the imprudent step of separating himself from them; and not being under articles of apprenticeship at Mirfield, he besought them not to compel him to return. He received from them the most generous propositions of forgiveness, and an establishment more congenial to his wishes. This he declined, frankly explaining the causes of his late melancholy, but concealing the ambitious motives which had secretly prompted him to withdraw from their benevolent protection. Finding him unwilling to yield, they supplied his immediate necessities, and warmly recommended him to the kindness of the master he had chosen. It was this master, with whom he remained only twelve months, that, many years afterwards, in the most calamitous period of Montgomery's life, sought him out a midst his misfortunes, not for the purpose of offering consolation only but of serving him substantially by every means in his power. The interview which took place betwee the old man and his former servan the evening previous to his trial a Doncaster, will ever live in the re membrance of him who can forge an injury, but not a kindness. N father could have evinced a greate affection for a darling son: the tear he shed were honourable to his fee ings, and were the best testimony t the conduct and integrity of Jame Montgomery.

From Wath he removed to Lo don, having prepared his way b sending a volume of his manuscri poems to Mr. Harrison, then a boo seller in Paternoster-row. M Harrison, who was a man of corre taste and liberal disposition, receiv him into his house, and gave him t greatest encouragement to cultiva his talents, but none to publish h poems; seeing, as he observed, probability that the author would a quire either fame or fortune by a pearing at that time before the pu lic. The remark was just; but conveyed the most unexpected a afflicting information to our you ful poet, who yet knew little of t

world except from books, and who had permitted his imagination to be dazzled with the accounts which he had read of the splendid success, and munificent patronage, which poets had formerly experienced. He was so disheartened by this circumstance, that on occasion of a misunderstanding with Mr. Harrison, he, at the end of eight months, quitted the metropolis and returned to Wath, where he was received with a hearty welcome by his former employer. While in London, having been advised to turn his attention to prose, as more profitable than verse, he composed an eastern story, which he took one evening to a publisher in the east end of the town. Being directed through the shop, to the private room of the great man, he presented his manuscript in form. The prudent bookseller read the title, marked the number of pages, counted the lines in a page, and made a calculation of the whole; then turning to the author, who stood in astonishment at this summary mode of deciding on the merit of a work of imagination, he very civilly returned the copy, saying, "Sir, your manuscript is too small—it won't do for me—take it to K——, he publishes these kind of things." Montgomery retreated with so much confusion from the presence of the bookseller, that, in passing through the shop, he dashed his unfortunate head against a patent lamp, broke the glass, spilled the oil, and making an awkward apology to the shopmen, who were tittering behind the counter, to the no small mortification of the poor author, he rushed into the street, equally unable to restrain his vexation or his laughter, and retired to his home, filled with chagrin and disappointment at this ludicrous and untoward misadventure.

To be concluded next week.

ON ERROR.

(Translated for the Emerald from the French.)

[The French delight in paradox. Rosseau maintained that ignorance was better than knowledge, and Boufflers with equal skill has demonstrated that Error is superior to truth. There is a display of genius in this exercise which delights by its novelty and corrects by its satire.....*Em. Ed'rs.*]

You ask if usefulness can be derived from error: can truth confer it?....The one lisps the accents of gaiety, the other only the sounds of sadness. Are we happy; error assures us we shall remain so, but truth proves to us that happiness must have an end: are we unhappy; truth convinces us it is from our own folly, and our misery must continue; error on the contrary persuades us it is unjust and fleeting. Of two mirrors, one reflecting you adorned by the graces, the other exhibiting you covered with defects—which will you choose?

Truth which is constantly the same must be a stranger to man who is continually changing. Error on the contrary is infinitely versatile, and accommodates herself better to our variable nature. Observe too, that she always has something in conformity to our wishes; for our judgments are especially misled by our passions and all our errors end in compliance with our inclinations. The ambitious hope what they desire; the miser enjoys what he denies himself; the lover dreams he is beloved; each deceives himself as fancy dictates.

Why should we not deceive ourselves? every thing conduces to it: error is in us and around us; our perceptions are false, our judgments are precipitate, and our acquired knowledge the result of illu-

sion. Error is to reality what a landscape is to a map. In the map nothing has its apparent place; in the landscape nothing its real place; but one pleases, the other only instructs us.

Error is still more useful than agreeable; it is she who subjugates nations to the yoke by persuading them they are weaker than their masters; she establishes peace and union in societies and families, by concealing from one that he is despised, from another that he is hated, from another that he is deceived: all stations, all ages owe their felicity to her. But remark that the less she is opposed the more agreeable she will be found, and as a proof, observe the pure joy of those who abandon themselves to her direction, and the sadness of philosophy which combats against her.—Be convinced also by the sweetest seasons of life, infancy and youth; in one we know nothing, in the other we are imposed on by every thing. Can we desire more here below, than a zest to all good and an antidote to all evil? we shall owe it to error. With one hand she enchants the rich who recline on purple, with the other she consoles the miserable who are stretched on straw. She is man's protecting fairy; happy or unhappy, she never abandons him: She rocks the cradle at his birth, strews flowers in his path during life, and smiles upon him in his passage to the tomb. There is nothing but error: the infant kisses a bauble with transport; the youth esteems the courtezan who corrupts him; the father of a family caresses children which are not his own; the old man still talks of love; the dotard sows his park and draws the plan of a new abode. Without error our whole life would be melancholy, because we should continually see death before us; it is error which conceals it, and extends the duration of happiness by persuading us that time is still our own.

X.

Œuvres du C. Stanislas Boufflers, membre de la ci-devant Académie Française.

For the Emerald.

SUMOROKOF.

In No. 13, of our first volume we gave the translation of a fable from the Russian poet Sumorokof. The knowledge we possessed of him was extremely small. He appears however to be a poet of no little consideration in the rising literature of his country, and his works have been received with considerable approbation on the French stage. We could hardly expect that the cold and dreary climate of Russia would produce those elegant and delicate trifles that could please the tender and fastidious taste of the French, who are educated in the school of politeness and charmed only with life and volatility. That Sumorokof could accomplish this in spite of national prejudice is an honorable evidence of his ability.

The following article adds to our information of the poet and the poetry of his country.

The progress of literature among the Russians has been hitherto very slow and gradual. In power, in splendour, in warlike achievements they perhaps equal any other nation in Europe.—But it required all the commanding authority of Peter the Great, and the fostering encouragement of the late Empress Catherine, to raise them from the state of barbarism in which they had been involved for so many centuries. All the literature of the early ages is absolutely confined to the obscure annals of Nestor and Nikon, and it was not till the beginning of the last century that The-

ophanes Procopovitz, Archbishop of Novogorod, first began to disseminate a taste for the sciences, and to encourage them by his example and protection. To him succeeded in History, Kilcop and Prince Scherebatof. But if we except the travels of the celebrated Pallas, the Historical Researches of Muller, and some other works upon Natural History; no literary production worthy of being noticed has distinguished Russia during the reign of Catherine II. Natural History and Mathematics are the only sciences which the Russians have contributed in some degree to advance and even those, however trifling, have been by the help of Germany; yet no country is so fortunately situated for rendering the sciences the most essential services. Natural and ancient history might expect from her the most astonishing discoveries.—The ruins of twenty cities attest that Tartary and Mongrelia were once inhabited by polished nations, and the monuments which are still discovering, would have realised the sublime conceptions of Buffon and Bailli; whole libraries have been discovered under the ruins of Alaikitt, and amid the ruinous heaps which skirt the Irtish. Thousands of manuscripts in unknown languages, and many others in the languages of the Chinese, Kalmucs, and the Mantschoux, are perishing in the mouldy deserted cabinets of the Academy; had they remained under the ruins till a government less barbarous had brought them to light, they would have been better preserved.

Lomonosof distinguished himself in several departments of literature, and ranks high as a poet; but of all the native Russians likely to be known by other countries, the most extraordinary genius was Sumorokof, who may be called the Shakespeare of Russia, and the founder of its drama.

He was born at Moscow in 1727, but received his education at St. Petersburg where he obtained the protection of Count Schovalof, the favourite of the Empress Elizabeth.—An early admiration of the French drama, and particularly for the works of Racine, of whom he always spoke with enthusiasm, led him to devote his whole time to dramatic studies. His first tragedy of 'Koref,' was the only piece in Russia which was not a series of nonsense. The great success of Koref attracted the notice of the Empress, who commanded the play to be performed before her, and encouraged the author to persevere in his pursuits. In the following years he successively produced the tragedies of Hamlet, Aristona, the false Demetrius, Zemira, and others; besides the comedies of the Judge, the Tutor, the Envious man, the Imposter, &c. &c. and three Operas.

Sumorokof had no reason to complain either of his country, or of the times in which he lived. Elizabeth raised him to the rank of brigadier in the army, and appointed him manager of the theatre, with a pension of 1800 roubles. Catherine II made him a counsellor of state, invested him with the order of St. Anne, conferred on him honours and wealth till his death, which happened in 1777 at Moscow, in 51st year of his age.

Notwithstanding all these advantages Sumorokof possessed too much of the '*genus irritabile Vatum*,' to be happy. Blessed with talents the most uncommon, and endowed with superior accomplishments, he had all those eccentricities and defects which usually accompany genius.—His character as an author, was that of sensibility bordering on peevishness, which would not suffer him to submit to criticism, even where it was well founded; and the excessive applause and flattery of his countrymen, working upon a disposition naturally proud and vain, induced him to form the most extravagant opinion of himself, and of the particular line of literature in which he excelled.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

MANAGEMENT.

The following curious account from the correspondence of Sir Robert Walpole with the Cardinal de Fleury, gives a view behind the curtain in the administration of this original minister.

"I am hard put to keep these folks from fighting, not that they are fully determined for war, but because I am in-

clined to peace. Our English must always skirmish in the field of Mars, or on the benches of Westminster."—Again,

"I pay a subsidy to one half the parliament to keep it within pacific bounds; but as the King has not money enough, and as those to whom I have given none declare themselves openly for war, it would be proper for Your Eminence to send me three millions tournois for lowering the voice of those who cry loudest. Gold is here a metal that has a prodigious effect in cooling hot blood and martial spirits, There is no impetuous warrior in the parliament, but a pension of two thousand pounds would make him exceeding gentle. Besides, if England declares herself, you will be obliged to pay in subsidies to powers for making the balance, without reckoning that the successes of war may be uncertain; whereas by sending me money, you will purchase peace at the first hand."

THE TOMB OF MY FATHERS.

Subdued by misfortunes, and bowed down with pain,
I sought on the bosom of peace to recline:
I hie'd to the Home of my Fathers again,
But the Home of my Fathers no longer was mine.

The look that spoke gladness and welcome was gone;
The blaze that shone bright in the hall was no more.
A stranger was there with a bosom of stone,
And cold was his eyes as I entered his door.

'Twas his, deaf to pity, to tenderness dead,
The falling to crush, and the humble to spurn:
But I staid not his scorn—from his mansion I fled,
And my beating heart vow'd never more to return.

What Home shall receive me! One Home yet I know;
O'er its gloomy recess, see the pine branches wave!
'Tis the tomb of my Fathers! The world is my foe,
And all my inheritance now is a grave.

'Tis the tomb of my Fathers! The grey moistened walls,
Declining to earth, speak aloud of decay:
The gate, off its hinge, and half opening, calls,
"Approach most unhappy, thy dwelling of clay!"

Alas, thou sole dwelling of all I hold dear,
How little this meeting once augur'd my breast!
From a wanderer accept, oh my Fathers, this tear,
Receive him, the last of his race, to your rest.

LOVE, A CHILD.

My mother, dear good creature says
That Love, with all his coaxing ways,
Is fierce as any ferret;
But Lord, she'll never prove to me
That such a little child as he,
Can hurt a girl of spirit.

I'm sure, the ev'ning before last,
The choicest, sweetest whispers pass'd
Between—but that's no matter:
I know, I thought Love very charming,
And not by any means alarming,
For all my mother's clatter.

However, just to ease my mind,
(Though we keep my mother blind)
I'll search for Love with Thomas;
For even if her fears are true,
An infant is no match for two;
He'd meet with something from us.

GOOD COMPANY.

The language of the fashionable world like their manners is very different from general and accustomed forms. It was a good idea therefore, in one of our dramatists to put a dictionary in the hands of a principle character for the purpose of explaining the paradoxies to which fashion in opposition to common sense sometimes gives rise.

The following definition might very well be added to his catalogue:

"Any one on the list of Peerage; any Member of Parliament; Officers of the Guards; Colonels of every description; any one who is willing to lose, or has credit enough to be admitted to win an estate; Dowagers with good jointures; epicures with good receipts; pimps of ready talents; any one who can

dress to the point of the mode, provided only that he exercise no visible trade—that is to say, any one who has no other means of livelihood but his wits:—all, or any of these, are men of fashion, and are comprehended under the general term of good company."

NOBODY.

The *beau-monde*, like the chance world of Descartes, is composed of a certain number of circles: all who live in these circles are the native and legitimate offspring and children of fashion: each of these, therefore, are *somebody*; but as by far the greatest part of his Majesty's subjects are excluded from this distinguishing privilege, they are marked with the general name of *nobody*.

I received, a few days ago, a letter from a fashionable friend, in which was the following passage:—

"There is nothing, my dear, so dull as this dullest of all towns: the streets, indeed, are crowded, but there is really nobody here. The playhouse was so full, and so warm with the odious multitude, that I had much difficulty to support it; but though I threw my eyes into every corner of the house, I saw nobody. The public mall is every day crowded; but the company consists of nobody. I have enquired the character, quality, &c. of the stranger we met at the Wells: I find she is very charitable, and much beloved in her sphere, but that she is nobody; I have therefore dropped the acquaintance."

QUEEN MAUD,

The wife of Henry the first of England, had these lines written on her, which at the same time, exhibit both a specimen of the poetry of that age as well as of her singular virtues.

When prosperous, not overjoyed; when cross, not sad,
Things flourishing made her fear; adverse, made glad;
Sober, tho' fair; lowly, tho' in throne placed;
Great, and yet humble; beautiful, yet chaste.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

There is a tenderness and propriety in the following lines which entitles them to attention. They combine nature with art, and the smoothness of poetry with the sentiments of affection.

On thee, blest youth! a father's hand confers
The Maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew:
Each soft enchantment of the soul is her's; [due.
Thine be the joys to firm attachment
As on she moves, with hesitating grace,
She wins assurance from his soothing voice;
And, with a look the pencil could not trace,
Smiles through her blushes, and confirms the choice.
Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame!
To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's fears!
To thee she turns with surest, tend'rest claim;
Weakness that charms, reluctance that endears!
At each response the sacred rite requires,
From her full bosom bursts th' unbidden sigh; [spires;
A strange mysterious awe the scene in-
And on her lips the trembling accents die. [play!
O'er her fair face what wild emotions
What lights and shades in sweet confusion blend!
Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of day, [scend!
And settled sunshine on her soul de-
Ah! soon, thine own confest, extatic thought!
That hand shall strew each flinty path with flow'rs;
And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre fraught,
Gild the calm current of domestic hours!

EPITAPH ON A MR. PECK.

Here lies a peck, which some men say
Was first of all a peck of clay;
For sixty years Peck felt life's bubbles,
Till death reliev'd this peck of troubles;
Thus fell poor Peck, as all things must,
And here he lies—a peck of dust.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

From a lady, whose personal charms had been much impaired by the small pox, accusing her former admirer of neglect.

Soon as the glow of health return'd,
My care-worn spirits to renew,
Again my faithful bosom burn'd
With fond attachment, Charles, for you.

To blighting sickness long a prey,
A feeble victim Mary lay;
Yet ev'ry thought, and sigh would be
Unprais'd to Heav'n, in prayer for thee.

Then, when to meet my love I fly,
Why droops thy head in silent woe?
—Ah! love ne'er taught that mournful sigh!
Ah! joy ne'er bade those tears to flow.

What sorrow can thy bosom bear,
That Mary will not gladly share?
From painful doubt then set me free,
Nor wound a heart that doats not thee.

THE REPLY.

That Mary to my soul was dear,
Each look, each word, each action shew'd;
Nor did I doubt the flame sincere
With which my ardent bosom glow'd.

Thy blooming cheek thy sparkling eyes,
Thy face of ev'ry charm combin'd,
First won—then taught me how to prize
The equal beauties of thy mind.

But, ah! the fatal storm was nigh,
On that sweet face its pow'r to wreak;
To chase the fire that fill'd thine eye,
The rose that blossom'd on thy cheek.

The beauteous wreck with grief I view'd
That aw'd and chill'd my trembling frame;
And as the spark of love renew'd,
A tear from PITY check'd the flame.

PRIDE.

Boileau never dined with any of his most intimate friends, without being invited in particular, observing, on this caution, that a certain pride of mind was the characteristic of men of honour; but that a pride of air and manner was the mark of fools and blockheads.

GENERAL PAOLI.

The following remarks at the conclusion of a biographical notice of this celebrated chief give a correct and summary view of his character.

Few foreigners, however distinguished, have been so much caressed in England, as the late General Pascal Paoli. By living in habits of familiarity with men of letters, his name and exploits acquired fresh celebrity; and Boswell, Goldsmith, Johnson, Macaulay, Barbauld, and Lord Lyttleton, although differing in almost every thing else, most cordially united in his praise. Abroad too, his reputation was greatly respected; and the eulogium of such a man as Rousseau, then in the zenith of his reputation, was alone sufficient to ensure reputation throughout the rest of Europe.

While his laurels were still green, it was usual to compare Paoli to Timoleon, and Epaminondas; and it was appositely remarked by an English minister, that the same thing might have been said of him, as had been formerly uttered by the Cardinal de Retz, in respect to the famous Montrose, "that he was one of those men, who are no longer to be found any where, but in the Lives of Plutarch."

That the Corsican Chief, was a great man, cannot well be denied; but it is the opinion of those, who have enjoyed an opportunity of studying his character, that he was a politician rather than a soldier; that he shone in council more than in arms; and that the leading feature of his public conduct, was a certain degree of *Italian Policy*, which taught him to refine and speculate on every event.

Among his countrymen he was adored; and to support his superiority, he made use of those arts which have usually passed under the name of *pious fraude*. These, perhaps, appeared indispensably necessary for the government of barbarians! Accordingly, like Numa, he pretended to a direct communication with the Deity, and also affected on all occasions, after the manner of the heroes of old, to be surrounded by dogs, of a particular breed, which were indeed necessary to preserve him from assassination.

It is not a little remarkable, that Corsica, an Island which seems to have been equally despised both by the ancients and moderns, should have produced two men, one of whom engaged the attention of all Europe, towards the middle of the last century, while another seems, unhappily for the repose of mankind, destined to regulate its fate, at the beginning of the present.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Stranger in Ireland, procured its author the honour of knighthood, conferred by the Lord Lieutenant in Dublin ; this sufficiently attests the consideration attached to the work in that place.

It is impossible however, to escape from the fangs of reviewers, and a respectable publication, in examining the character of Sir John Carr, has stated as th result of its labour the following positions.

1. That Mr. Carr is a tolerable ignoramus.
2. That he is a decent coxcomb.
3. That he is a perfect traveller.

Mr. Belfour, the translator of the Musical and Fabulas Literatas of Yriarte, is about to publish a new and improved edition of Jarvis's version of Don Quixotte, embellished with superb engravings, and illustrated by notes, historical, critical, and literary, from the pen of Mayans, Bowle, Vincente de los Rios, Pellicer, and other able commentators. Mr. Belfour proposes to add remarks on the life and writings of Cervantes ; anecdotes of his cotemporaries; and particulars of the manners, customs and state of literature of the time in which he lived.

Mr. Northmore has been for a considerable time engaged in writing an epic poem, to be completed in ten books entitled Washington, or Liberty. Restored. The basis of the work, exclusive of the imagery, will rest solely upon historic truth.

The Copleyan Medal has been adjudged to T. A. Knight, Esq. for his numerous discoveries in vegetable physiology. Sir Joseph Banks, upon presenting Mr. Knight with the reward of his labours and high merit, pronounced a most able discourse on the pursuits of this gentleman. He noticed his researches and observations on the alburnous juices of plants, in its *ascent* elaborating the buds and leaves, and in its *descent* forming wood ; and of his discovery of the natural decay of apple-trees and of the grafts, which decline and become unproductive at the same time with the parent stock. The learned President referred next to the experiments, which went to prove that all vegetables radiate by gravitatation only, and not by any instinctive energy ; that new and superior species of apples may be produced from seed ; and that impregnating the pollen was found to be an advantageous substitute of grafting. He then alluded to the new and very valuable species of pears produced by Mr. Knight, and to a new species of vines, which bear grapes not only superior in flavour to others hitherto known, but which are capable of arriving at perfection, even in the most adverse seasons, in our climate. For these and other discoveries ably enumerated by the learned President, the Copeleyan Medal was adjudged to Mr. Knight whose successful labours in this branch of natural history, have probably surpassed those of any other philosopher, in developing the economy of vegetation, and the laws of vegetable life.

Mr. Cumberland has lately given to the public a description of a very simple and useful scale for dividing the vanishing lines in perspective. It is thus formed : take a sheet of paper and having made a horizontal line, fix on a point, as a centre, called the point of sight ; this point is crossed with diagonal lines in various directions ; and thus an instrument is prepared, that will be a sure guide to an inexperienced eye, in taking the perspective lines of all objects placed at right angles, such as streets, buildings, churches, apartments, by merely placing it under the leaf to be drawn on. To render the instrument more complete, a plate of glass should be added, of the same size as the leaf of the drawing-book, on which the dark lines should be drawn

A new branch of science, entitled, *Mnemonica*, is now much studied in Germany. It was originally taught and practised in Egypt and Greece, and was an invention attributed to Simonides. The modern restorer of this art

is M. Aretin, who exacts from his pupils a promise not to write his lectures. According to a book, said to have been written by a child of twelve years of age and mentioned in the catalogue for the last September fair at Leipsic, *mnemonica* is a true science, and may be so taught as to give a memory to individuals of every age.——A gentleman known to the writer of this article, can, by the power of association, repeat backwards and forwards, or by any complex alternation, thirty abstract terms, on hearing them repeated but once.

M. Leschevin, Chief Commissionary for Gunpowder and Saltpetre at Dijon, has suggested a method of averting showers of hail, and dissipating storms. The Memoir in which he has related the discovery, as he conceives, is long but we shall be able to present the English reader with the results in few words:—(1.) He would excite in the air strong commotions capable of shaking the particles of water adhering to it, so as to produce abundant rain; this is to be done by the sound of great bells, the noise of guns or drums, by the detonation of the fulminating powder and by the explosion, in the middle of the clouds, of rockets directed towards the place where the clouds are thickest. (2.) He would establish energetic conductors between the clouds and the earth, either by fires lighted from distance to distance, and kept burning by supplies of dry substances, or by the disengagement of humid vapours, or the combustion of resinous matters. (3.) He would draw off the electric fluid, which is in superabundance in the clouds, by a multiplicity of thunder-rods: he would establish these conductors on those sides from which the winds chiefly come, and these are to be placed on elevated places, high trees &c. We are informed that the practice recommended in this Memoir, is made use of in many parts of France with the greatest success.

——— *(Month. Mag.)*

LONDON FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

From the Ladies' Museum.

Mantle of fawn coloured Kersimere, trimmed with white velvet; bonnet of velvet, ornamented with black.

Pelisse of puce coloured silk, trimmed round the neck and down the front with white lace; bonnet same colour as pelisse.

Dress of fine muslin; sleeves of white sattin; sash tied in front; cap of white sattin, with small feathers.

Train of pink silk; lace let in the back; full top sleeves of white crape; turban of pink and white crape, with ostrich feathers.

Robe of primrose crape, trimmed down the front and round the breast with white lace; sleeves striped alternately with sarsnet and lace; white sarsnet petticoat; kid gloves.

EMERALD NOTICES.

[*Omitted in our last.*]

In our last paper the writer of the Ordeal closed his useful and entertaining numbers. They constitute the first regular series that have ever appeared in this town, reviewing for an entire season the conduct of the Drama. The ability and taste that have been discovered in the prosecution of this duty, is amply witnessed by the great popularity of the essays, and the avidity with which they have uniformly been received. The remarks on the plot, conduct and language of the several plays that have passed under inspection, may be considered as the best general review of them that has ever appeared in print, and will be found replete with sound judgment and correct discrimination, that will cause them a reputation beyond the mere occasion on which which they were produced. The performances have been considered with impartiality and candor, and although some of the remarks have occasionally been severe, and the scourge when assumed been used with effect, yet merit has in no instance been denied its reward, nor praise ever been withheld from those who deserved it.

The effects of these essays have been apparent upon the public sentiment and have had no little influence in directing the general taste. They have compelled greater attention and assiduity on the part of the performers, and have roused them by the hope of praise or the dread of censure from the lifeless monotony in which they would occasionally fall.

We have communicated the epistle of SCRIBULUS and are authorized to state that it will receive proper attention.